

I don't recognize you without your headset, Trevor."

"And ringing headache."

"Just our occupational hazard."

"Modus operandi, B.J."

"What are you drowning in?"

"Martini."

"Same for me, bartender."

"Hey, I'm on the Disaster Team, B.J."

"Nothing new there."

"Not for a market collapse. For the office."

"Heavy."

"My entire day shot with exit route maps and mission critical data retrieval."

"Somebody's sure as hell's got to know the way out and back in."

"I must have been at lunch when they pulled my name from the hat."

"And your title?"

"Trading Room Commander."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Run with it, man."

"Not in dress shoes."

"What's a worst case scenario these days?"

"You want natural, technical or human?"

"I'll take technology for a thousand."

"A nuclear power plant or fallout emergency will keep the office closed for 48 hours."

"What better be happening on a weekend, whatever it is?"

"This ventilation, power, phone, gas, water, elevator or computer failure will prove fatal to 60% of the personnel."

"Easy, what's Accounting?"

"On the natural front, this blizzard, hurricane, tornado, or flood will ruin the most files?"

"What good-sized cup of sweetened coffee spilled in the right room could beat 'em all, hands down.""

"Another martini, bartender."

"You're not driving, are you, Trevor?"

"Not when a fellow human can do me in during civil disobedience on the street."

"Lighten up. You're a disaster."

"I confess it's brought me way down, looking at the big picture."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"Wait, you're going to tell me I didn't win our Team One Challenge Key Players Cruise, aren't you?"

"Sort of."

"I was counting on that cruise to soften up, Kendra."

"B.J., you blob, she wouldn't be seen in a rowboat with you."

"When's the next contest, Trevor?"

"Pacific Rim Investors Rally next month."

"Long shot."

"Rim, doesn't that sound like you could fall off the other side?"

"As in the Earth is flat?"

"The newest Generation X initiative, a flat Earth policy."

"Better than scorched earth, right."

"Did I even mention fire, B.J.?"

"Nope."

"Disgruntled employee threats?"

"Ah, check, bartender."

* * *

"Conductor, you know me, right?"

"Yeah, you're a commuter."

"Well, I left my rail pass in the office."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"Where are you going?"

"Isn't this the nonstop to Chappaqua?"

"Right."

"Home of one MTA esteemed leader?"

"You know him?"

"Saw his picture in 'The Wall Street Journal.'"

"That'll be \$10."

"But I have got a rail pass."

"Can I have a dime, too?"

"Why?"

"I'd like a dime for every guy who said that."

"Fine, but it's not fair."

"You from Oz or something?"

"Look, you got my money and I got the damn ride so let's just leave it at that."

"Look out the window at those tenements and tell me that's fair."

"You Jimmy Carter or something?"

"Will you guys lighten up!"

"Who told you to butt in?"

"My higher self."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"Excuse us to both of you, Miss. I'll be on my way."

"You believe how hostile he was."

"Well, the tenements aren't fair and this was probably a great neighborhood before they laid a train track through it."

"Good point, but how else would we get to Chappaqua? "Anyway, it's their choice to trash their own buildings."

"Who are they?"

"People who don't live like us."

"And you know how I live?"

"With your parents, like everyone our age."

"With my father. But what keeps you from trashing your home?"

"The cleaning lady."

"Who lives in a tenement and is too tired to clean it after she walks from your house to the bus stop to the train station."

"Your point being."

"Eat the 10 bucks and quit griping."

"You are not sexy when you say that and I know you want me."

"How long have you been drinking?"

"Since I was twelve."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"Middle School Oktoberfest?"

"Sleep away camp."

"For soccer."

"And tennis."

"In college, you played...basketball."

"And golf."

"While you majored in business."

"And you're a psychic."

"Just been on this train too long."

"Move."

"Rent is pretty steep if you want to belong to a gym and get in on a Hamptons' house."

"Besides, you like having your mommy do your wash."

"Not funny."

"You started it because you want me."

"I want someone who doesn't always play it safe."

"If that was so, you wouldn't be on this train."

"Yes, this is true."

"I was kidding so don't get all somber."

"But I don't know how to get off this train."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Come have a drink with me and we'll figure it out."

"I don't do alcohol anymore, just yoga."

"Then I'll come do yoga with you."

"Aren't you already standing on your head for someone?"

"The firm of Biff, Bungling, Bogus and Brind."

"Told you."

"What about having brunch with me this weekend?"

"Mildly possible."

"Cold Springs?"

"Well, we could climb Breakneck Ridge."

"Woman, does that sound like something I would do?"

"No guts, no glory."

"I'll have you know I'm my company's new Trading Room Commander for Disaster."

"Wall Street?"

"Right. And you?"

"I teach learning disabled teens in Hell's Kitchen."

"Yikes!"

"A tad stressful."

"Must be like 3:59 p.m. all day long."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Pardon?"

"You could die every day in the last few minutes before the close."

"I could die if some kid felt like killing me but I work on my karma to avoid that."

"Please, you don't believe that garbage, do you?"

"I believe we're on different vibrational planes and cannot communicate."

"Does that mean you won't sleep with me?"

"You watch way too much reality TV."

"Let's start over. Don't I know you from high school?"/

"If you grew up in California, you might."

"That explains everything! You're from the Left Coast."

"For sure."

"So why talk to me if you're on this other vibrational plane?"

"Why do you think?"

"Because you like the way I look and..."

"This is where I get off."

"We're still moving."

"And always will be."

"What if I would climb with you?"

"It would indicate some growth."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Let's do it Saturday morning."

"You think my mind is full of garbage."

"I was kidding."

"Chappaqua!"

"Come on, meet me here in the parking lot and we'll drive to this...ridge together."

"Breakneck."

"I wish you wouldn't say that."

"Breakneck, Breakneck, Breakneck."

"I'm the one who's been drinking so you must just be nuts."

"You charmer, you."

"So, I'll see you here on Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock and we'll climb the thing."

"I'll spare you the name of the thing just this once."

"You'll meet me, right?"

"That's a chance you'll have to take."

* * *

"Your mother kept this on the stove but I said you should have to zap it if you're going to be so inconsiderate."

"It's fine, Dad."

"How can it be fine at this hour?"

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Ma, it's okay, and I'll eat it while I watch the game."

"You'll get an ulcer eating and getting all excited."

"If he's going to get an ulcer, he'll get an ulcer."

"I'm only saying he should sit at the table and eat like a normal person."

"I'm not normal, Ma. I'm Trading Room Commander for Disaster."

"Don't say that word."

"Commander?"

"Don't disrespect your mother."

"Terrorists?"

"Nah, just routine being prepared for whatever."

"Speaking of being prepared, I want you to clean out the garage Saturday."

"Can't do it."

"Please, Trevor, your father needs you to do this."

"Got a date."

"With a broom, he has a date."

"Just a prior commitment, Dad."

"I told you he does nothing!"

"I raked!"

"When? Last October."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"How about I do it Sunday. Scratch that, I've got tickets to the Yankee game."

"I wouldn't mind going to a Yankee game."

"I'm repaying someone for the last West Point tickets so I can't take you, Dad."

"Mr. Big Shot can't do anything."

"Honey, don't start. I'll sweep out the garage with you."

"You always take his side!"

"Ouch! I burned my finger on the plate."

"Serves you right for being late."

"He's busy building a career so why shouldn't he be late!"

"I need ice on my finger."

"Look, the Trading Room Commander for Disaster has a boobo."

"You'll drive him out of this house, always picking fights."

"When I was his age, I..."

"Already had a wife, family and house blah, blah, blah...I know, I was there and my mother bought the house!"

"I paid the mortgage!"

"So, I'll move out and then everybody can stop screaming!"

"When?"

"When I find a place I can afford."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"I don't want him living in the city!"

"No, I'll live in the city and you two can watch this place fall apart with him doing nothing!"

"Honey, you're giving me a headache."

"Tell your son to rub it!"

"Every night we go through this."

"Not tomorrow night."

"Where are you going?"

"My mother's."

"Ma, we got any beer?"

"Look at your son. His father's leaving and he's raiding the guy's beer!"

"I bought beer last week!"

"News to me."

"You go to your mother's house. I'm going upstairs to talk to my mother."

"Ma, tell grandma her stock is holding."

"She's still rich?"

"So is her whole garden club and always will be if I have any say in it."

"Did you hear that, Honey? Trevor is managing my mother's portfolio very well."

"I even won a cruise."

"Honey, come upstairs to say hello to mother. She thinks you don't like her."

"I suppose."

"Trevor, there's ice cream cake for dessert."

"Great."

"Just eat it slowly so it doesn't chill your sinuses."

"My life in the fast lane."

* * *

"Trevor, it's 9:00 o'clock in the morning. What time is your date?"

"Oh, no!"

"Who is this person?"

"Someone I met on the train."

"I've never seen him move this fast on a Saturday so it must be a special person."

"Dad, please. My head!"

"You're dizzy! He can't drive. Call this person and cancel."

"Don't know her number. We were just meeting at the train station to take a walk."

"Your mother and I will drive over to tell her you're not feeling well."

"I guess."

"What's her name?"

"Don't know."

"Trevor!"

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Ma, please, not now."

"Describe her."

"Gorgeous, 5' 7", long, dark hair and...hiking boots."

* * *

"Excuse me but were you going to take a walk this morning with a handsome young man?"

"Ah, he's late."

"I'm his mother and this is his father."

"He sent his parents?"

"He doesn't feel well and his mother and I came to tell you."

"His mother and father."

"We thought someone should come tell you."

"Oh."

"She looks like a nice girl, dear."

"Maybe."

"Miss, here's our phone number. May I give Trevor yours?"

"I guess, sir."

"He'll call. You'll talk. We'll see."

* * *

"You gave her our number because you want him out of the house."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"I want him to know what it's like to live like a man and a good woman is part of that."

"We don't know a thing about her."

"He liked her enough to make a date and he hardly knew her."

"Huh! Like father, like son."

"I'd have been crazy to let you slip away from me into a rush hour crowd."

"My parents thought I was crazy going out with a complete stranger from Bayonne, New Jersey."

"Face it, your mother still hasn't gotten over it."

"She's not so bad."

"She's okay. I just want to be alone with you again."

"So, you'll marry off my son to a girl who wears clunky hiking boots, and what will you do with my mother?"

"Have the girl stomp her to death."

"You're terrible. Let's go see how Trevor is doing."

"Trevor is hung over."

* * *

"Deirdre?"

"Who's calling?"

"The no-show hiker."

"I'm only talking to his parents."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"They're something else, aren't they?"

"What's it like to have somebody care so much about you?"

"Nice and exasperating, in that order."

"I won't."

"Won't what?"

"Write doctor's notes."

"Who asked you to?"

"You will."

"This is a mistake calling."

"Not totally if you want to share a house or something."

"I thought we were going out on a date."

"Way, way too risky."

"But you could see living with me?"

"You look like you could carry a good rent, and so can your folks in a pinch so I see us living separately in the same space."

"Like where?"

"Between here and Wall Street."

"Well, I do know a guy at work who'd want in on that, which could equal a decent place in Manhattan."

"Which would let me off the train."

"I see this."

"That's all it takes."

"Please, no psychic bull."

"Whatever."

"And no weird rules about the remote or sports on TV."

"Never touch the stuff."

"When do you want to do it?"

"Soon, since my father's wife wants me to like, disappear."

"I know that feeling."

"What a shock. I thought your folks tucked you in at night."

"Look, talk like that and it's off."

"Fair enough."

"So, you want to go on a free cruise with me?"

"I read guys think about sex every thirteen seconds."

"Eleven, but who's counting."

"Let's talk apartments on Monday after my yoga. I take the 7:10."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

* * *

"B.J., you still want to go in on an apartment?"

"What you got?"

"Someone to plug in a third."

"How about Weehawken, NJ for the best view?"

"She might not go for that."

"She, good buddy?"

"A school teacher."

"Not many zeros in that paycheck."

"Let's just stick to New York."

"Or Connecticut, say, Greenwich!"

"Only cuts fifteen minutes off my commute, no thanks."

"So, it's Manhattan, is it?"

"Fraid so, but think how you'll fall out of bed and into the office."

"Do that now at my mom's place."

"But you hate your stepsister."

"Where did you to get that bit of intelligence?"

"South Street Seaport bar one Friday night."

"Well, forget it."

"Down boy, like I don't care."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"You'd make some roommate, remembering every word I said rolling home."

"Never mind, then, I'll ask Kendra."

"Like hell you will!"

"To be a roommate with another woman."

"Why should you get it all, you already got the cruise?"

"B.J., when you cool off, come tell me if you want in on an apartment."

"That cruise was mine as of 3:50 p.m."

"Get a grip, things change in a New York nanosecond."

"You're right, what was I thinking."

"Come again?"

"Things just happen. I was out of line to suggest foul play."

"No hard feelings."

"What good would that do?"

"So, B.J., you want to check the apartment classifieds, first pick?"

"Big of you, I think I will."

* * *

"Trevor, what's with B.J.?"

"We're going in on an apartment, Kendra, and want you to be the fourth person."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Who's the third?"

"Laid-back female, teaches in Manhattan. In fact, I'm not sure how much she can kick in for rent."

"So, she'll get the maid's room."

"You already have a place in mind!"

"My brother's divorcing and wants me to sublet his Riverside Drive condo."

"Not too shabby."

"It is Upper West Side."

"How up?"

"Mid-eighties."

"Oh."

"But there's a doorman, high ceilings, great river view, wrought iron balcony."

"I'll talk to her tonight."

* * *

"You miss me, Deirdre?"

"Despite my better judgment, I did wonder if you felt better."

"Much, thanks. And you?"

"I'm always fine."

"What do you think about a place on the Upper West Side and no realtor's fee?"

"Not bad."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"We need to hold a strategy session with potential...shareholders, if you will."

"How about the cafe on the mezzanine at Grand Central?"

"I'll check with B.J. and Kendra."

"Are they like you?"

"Kendra's legs aren't hairy."

"Their heads."

"Are hairy and yes, we're all devote capitalists."

"I should see if anyone *I* work with wants to room."

"How would we play bridge?"

"Five is too many?"

"Not in the initial offering stage."

* * *

"B.J., get this round, will you?"

"Funny how that always works, Trevor."

"He doesn't buy the first round?"

"That's first through sixth if he can help it, right Kendra?"

"I have better things to do than watch Trevor drink."

"I'll pay for the next round, B.J. so shall we move along. Deirdre, this is Kendra and B.J., fellow brokers."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"This is Lashonda, the librarian at my school."

"You must spend time in a gym, too, Lashonda."

"I am a body builder, Trevor."

"Impressive, compared to B.J. here."

"And I'll need room for my bar bells and books."

"I'm starting Tae Kwan Do when my yoga class stops in June."

"Looks like we'll have plenty of protection, eh."

" I can watch out for myself."

"No doubt you can, Kendra, if I remember your Christmas party punch-out."

"Thanks for bringing that up, B.J."

"Oh, it wasn't that embarrassing or you would have quit then and there."

"Enough about me and on to the point of this session."

"Yeah, who wants to be my roomie?"

"Please, B.J.,"can" is the operative word."

"Right, Trevor. Let's cut to the chase and write the amount of rent we each can afford on a slip of paper."

"Like what about shared living and kitchen privileges?"

"Prorated by contribution, outside of basic eating and food storage."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"Okay, put the papers in Deirdre's hat and we'll add everything up."

"Looks like quite the range."

"The apartment is nine rooms at \$6,000."

"We're near the ball park."

"Okay, this is a floor plan showing my bedroom and the others."

"How did we get to the "my bedroom stage, Kendra?"

"B.J., I found the place and *am* saving everyone a realtor's fee. Plus, my brother's leaving furniture in that room for me."

"And I get the bedroom with the river view because I brokered the deal."

"So, I get the one looking at a brick wall, Trevor?"

"Fraid so, B.J."

"And we get to choose between the maid's room and this den by the front door?"

"That's between you two, Deirdre."

"This is like a hunger banquet, right, Lashonda?"

"A what banquet?"

"It's where you're assigned a place at a poverty consciousness dinner, Trevor, and don't know if you'll be one of the people eating."

"Signifies the greed of the military industrial complex."

"You must have looked that up, Lashonda, cause it's ancient history bull."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Delete that thought, B.J., while Kendra tells us how many bathrooms?"

"One in my bedroom, the powder room with shower, and the hall bathroom."

"It is pretty close to Columbia and cross-town to the Met, Lashondra."

"Riverside Cathedral so I could meet my mother on Sundays after the gym."

"Zabar's Deli if you're a runner."

"Can I keep my bike in the hall?"

"Service entrance, maybe Trevor. I'll have to ask my brother."

"Confirm the rent with him and we'll get back together here Thursday."

"I'll make copies of the floor plan. Guys, walk me to the cab stand."

* * *

"Deirdre, they're so white."

"I'm white."

"Should be used to the minority view by now, I guess."

"We don't have to rub noseys, just share the place."

"Girl, you're going to have to bolt that maid's room door from Mr. T. cause he's flexing his muscle already."

"So, I get stuck with the maid's room, Lashondra?"

"You're too socially conscious to stick me with it."

"Am I?"

"Think how close it is to the kitchen."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Yes, probably quieter than your den."

* * *

"Who's idea was it to bring the NAACP?"

"B.J., you don't have a problem with blacks?"

"I have a problem with anyone still talking military industrial complex, Trevor."

"Guys, you've got to make concessions for liberal arts majors or you'll never make a killing on socially-conscious trades."

"So, you see this working. Kendra?"

"I've got my own bathroom so I know it will."

* * *

"My brother said a year's commitment, thirteen months rent, and that after everyone faxes him their resumes."

"No check on ancestry?"

"Deirdre, our grandfather left Russia like Tevya without a fiddle."

"Liberal Jew?"

"Till Eisenhower."

"This is a stepping stone, gang, and no big deal."

"Okay, Trevor, you spring for champagne to toast our new venture."

"Sorry, B.J. got to run, but cheers everyone."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"If it's the last thing I do, I'm going to make him pay."

"No champagne for me, B.J."

"Same here, I'm in training."

"We'll celebrate when we take the plunge."

"Okay, Kendra and when will that be?"

"After I get back from a cruise."

"You're not going on a cruise with Trevor?"

"I'm going on a cruise."

"If you two have something going, it could screw up the apartment deal."

"B.J., I don't compute how my life is your business."

* * *

"Just think, Lashondra, in a little while, I won't be a drone rushing into a tunnel for the MetroNorth."

"You plan on walking to Hell's Kitchen?"

"It'll just feel different doing a few stops on the subway or even the bus if I want."

"I do the subway now."

"Isn't it still worth it to room with me in a nine room apartment overlooking the Hudson?"

"Not you I worry about as much as the suits."

"You're prejudiced."

"No way!"

"They can't help being advantaged."

"Here comes your pampered stud."

"Lashonda, you can have him."

"Now that's a vision for my mother."

"Hey, the others will be here in a while."

"You got a tan, Trevor."

"Why should Lashonda be the only one?"

"Is that like, a joke?"

"Course not, I admire her...skin."

"My skin?"

"You should get into Lashonda's head, Trevor."

"You a bookworm?"

"Book, microfiche, web."

"Can you look up something for me?"

"For a price."

"You could research companies and I'll pay you if you make the service exclusive."

"Have to charge more if it's exclusive."

"Here come the others. We'll talk another time."

"Tonight, we decide, everyone."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"Your brother okayed us?"

"He put in the application to the condo board and sees no problem for next month."

"That soon? Means no money for a Hampton's house this year unless I dig into my savings."

"Bummer, Trevor."

"I just want to eat for the next six months."

"Me, too, Deirdre. We'll stock up on tuna fish."

"How will we handle frig space?"

"Same as floor space, by the bottom line contribution."

"At that rate, Lashonda, we'll only have room for tuna."

"Maybe the school will give you raises."

"They're cutting budgets, not fattening them, Trevor."

"Look, if you don't want in, Lashonda, we can still swing it so don't feel obligated."

"Isn't B.J. considerate, Kendra?"

"I was searching for another word, but thank you, Trevor."

"So, we go for it!"

"And you buy the champagne now, ole buddy."

"That's our train, Deirdre, let's run for it."

"He is so slippery."

"And B.J., you are so boring."

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"On that note, I'll be getting the D train and let you and Kendra conduct more broker talk."

"Kendra, can't you tell her the board said no more than four?"

"Lashonda's in if she wants to be and you're out if the board says only four."

"You're not serious!"

"Just peeved."

"I don't care if Lashonda lives with us."

"That's better."

* * *

"Is there cold beer, Ma?"

"Check the frig in the garage."

"That's mine, Trevor."

"Relax, Dad, you won't have to put up with me much longer."

"What does that mean?"

"Found a place to live and I'm moving out."

"When at long last?"

"Probably next month."

"So, it's not settled and you're still scrounging my beer."

"Honey, I can't believe you're being so mean."

"What, mean?"

All Talk © Reggie Morrissey

"Just don't talk to me!"

"Folks, no reason to fight."

"Did he or did he not say 'probably?'"

"Yes, Mr. District Attorney!"

"So, I'm supposed to go all soft inside and give him whatever he wants!"

"Trevor, dear, where will you live?"

"You don't want to know, Ma."

"I knew it, he's going into the city."

"Which he does five days a week!"

"River view, doorman."

"How can you afford that?"

"Roommates."

"Who?"

"People from work and stuff."

"That girl with the boots?"

"Her, too."

"So, we'll never see you."

"You can visit me."

"I hate the city."

"I'll visit you."

"Trevor, I'm going to lay down before my head splits in half."

"You can rent a truck for your stuff, Trev."

"So I've heard, Dad."

"This is a good thing for you."

"And you?"

"I'll keep an eye on your mother so she doesn't get depressed."

"How will you manage that, Dad?"

"There was a time I did very well on that score."

"Good luck, Dad."

* * *

"There's been a glitch, Trevor."

"The board?"

"My brother's getting back with his wife."

"No apartment."

"I think we should start over."

"Oh, it's just as well I don't move now. My parents and grandmother are pretty broken up about it. They need time to let it sink in."

All Talk © Reggie Morrisey

"There may be renewed resistance from B.J. about Lashonda."

"Not sure what you could afford without me and B.J."

"Maybe we'll focus on a Hampton's house for now and look in the city again in September."

"That's the ticket, Kendra."

"Will you tell Deirdre?"

* * *

"Sir, just tell her the apartment deal is off, and we'll touch bases in the fall unless she wants to go in on a summer place."

"She'll tell Lashonda, right?"

"What do you care, B.J.?"

"I don't, but give me Deirdre's number anyway."

"She won't go out with you."

"Yeah, well she already asked me to go hiking."

"She asked everybody as a group, you blob!"

"Trevor, you might want to get out of my life while you can still walk."

"I'm telling you for your own good."

"You're a hell of a prince, aren't you, buddy?"

"You're a jerk, B.J."

* * *

"B.J., where's Trevor these days?"

"History."

"Not trading?"

"Nah, he screwed up a disaster drill, almost knocked out half a day's trades."

"What was the disaster?"

"Some spilled coffee on the IT Center console blew the wires or servers, who knows."

"What's that got to do with our golden boy?"

"Everybody complained they didn't know where he hid the disaster manual, and he was off somewhere in the Hamptons."

"So, what's he up to, B.J.?"

"Tending bar, I heard."

"Great, let's go make him buy us drinks."